If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters[5];
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated[6],
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours:
For we no longer are defensible.

K. HEN. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter.
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest[7].

Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.

[5] DEFILE the locks, &c.] The folio reads: "*Desire* the locks/* &c.
STEEVENS.
The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

[6] —whom of succour we entreated,] Many instances of similar phraseology are already given in a note on the following passage in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "I shall desire you *of*

more acquaintance," See Act III. Sc. I.

STEEVENS

? —are we ADDREST i e prepared So in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

"-----clamours from afar

" Tell us these champions are *addrest* for war."

STEEVBKTS*